

T/SOR 28/1/3

# BORN IN GLASGOW



GALLUS MUSIC  
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# I WAS BORN IN GLASGOW

IAN MACKINTOSH  
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GALLUS  
GAL 102

A response to THE GLASGOW I USED TO KNOW. Just as true.  
Adam MacNaughten sings this song back-to-back with his own.

## FAREWELL TO GLASGOW

WORDS AND TUNE JIM MACLEAN

Where is the Glasgow I used to know?  
The tenement buildings that let in the snow.  
Through the cracks in the plaster the cold wind  
did blow.  
And the water we washed in was filthy below.

We read by the gaslight, we had nae T.V.,  
Hot porridge for breakfast, cold porridge for tea,  
Some weans had rickets and some had T.B.,  
Aye, that's what the Glasgow of old means to me.

Noo the neighbours complained if we played wi' a  
ba',  
Or hunch-cuddy-hunch against somebody's wa',  
If we played kick-the-can we'd tae watch for the  
law,  
And the polis made sure we did sweet bugger a'.

And we huddled together to keep warm in bed,  
We had nae sheets or blankets, just auld coats  
instead,  
And a big balaclava to cover your head,  
And "God, but it's cold" was the only prayer  
said.

Noo there's some say that tenement living was  
swell,  
That's the wally-cloee toffs who had doore wi' a  
bell,  
Two rooms and a kitchen and a bathroom as well,  
While the rest of us lived in a single-end hell.

So wipe aff that smile when you talk o' the days,  
Ye lived in the Gorbals or Cowcaddens ways,  
Remember the rats and the mice ye once chased,  
For tenement living was a bloody disgrace.

performed by Iain Mackintosh

## DOON IN THE WEE ROOM

TRADITIONAL

Doon in the wee room underneath the stair  
Everybody's happy, everybody's there  
And we're aa makin merry, each in his chair  
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

When ye're tired and weary, and ye're feelin blue  
Dont give way tae sorrow, I'll tell ye what tae do  
Just take a trip tae Springburn and find Quinn's  
Bar there  
And go doon tae the wee room underneath the  
stair

A king went oot ahuntin, his fortune for tae seek  
He missed his train at Partick, went missin for a  
week  
Oh, after days of searchin, sorrow and despair  
They fun him in the wee room underneath the  
stair

Who wrote this gem? There's another whole version about, more  
whimsical in tone. Quinn's Bar in Springburn no longer exists,  
but I believe the Quinn family are still in the business, in faraway  
Bishopbriggs.

If yer team has won the day, and ye want tae  
cheer  
Take a trip tae Springburn and order up a beer  
Have yersel a bevvie, gie yersel a tear  
Doon in the wee room underneath the stair

When ah'm auld and feeble and ma bones are  
gettin aet  
Ah'll no get cross and grumpy like other people  
get  
Ah'm savin up ma bawbees tae buy a hurly chair  
Tae tak me tae the wee room underneath the  
stair

performed by Iain Davison, Iain Mackintosh,

An admixture of cider and Lanliq Fortified Wine is the preferred  
bevvy = beverage of heavyweight losers, who doss behind the  
Broo = Bureau = Unemployment Exchange and argue with their  
chinas = china plates = mates.

## DANNY LANNIE AND HIS HEAVY CHINA

WORDS AND TUNE EWAN MCVICAR

Danny found some money it was lyin in the street  
He pit it in his pocket, said 'Ah'm gonny have a  
treat'  
Danny bought some Lannie He bought some  
cider too  
He went round tae his billet at the back of the  
Broo  
He put the Lannie in the cider had a wee taste  
Lannie in the cider had another wee taste  
Then he took a sip or two then he took a sup  
Then he took a notion bumped his china woke  
him up

Said China Gie me half a note  
China Well gie me what ye've goat  
China It isn't whit ye think  
China Ah'm givin ye a drink

His pal grabbed Danny ehook him warmly by the  
throat  
Said Let me get this straight Yer on the make for  
half a note  
Ah wiz sleepin happily Dreamin o the summer  
Along comes you Pit me oan a bummer  
Along comes you wi yer fancy notion  
Along comes you wi yer magic potion  
Along comes you wi yer nice wee sup  
Along comes you and woke me up

Yer china isn't very chuffed  
Yer china has had about enough  
Yer china may be goin soft  
But yer china isn't gonna cough

Drink it fur yersel Ah canny stand the smell  
Take that stuff away Ah'm no gonny pay  
Not the half of a note nor a five bob float  
Not a florin not a shillin not a brase farthin  
Lannie and cider may suit you  
But Lannie and cider makes me gree  
I'd rather drink heavy than any other bevvie  
Heavy on the bevvie

performed by Ewan McVicar & Alan Tall

## THE CAVES IN THE CANYONS

WORDS IAN DAVISON TUNE EWAN MACOLL

The city is changin' a' year and a' day.  
And it's changin' as fast in the night-time.  
For the next buildin's gone, as you lay there and  
yawned.  
But we a' know that now is the right time.

So in wi' the crane, and the swingin steel  
ball  
And oot o' the rubble the factor'll crawl.  
Ta-ta, tae the caves in the canyons.

The buildin's were sandstone, the red and the  
grey.  
But they turned black, wi' a' the fires smokin'.  
Noo the sky's gettin' brighter, the concrete stays  
white,  
And you don't hear the sparraes a' chokin'.

The new high rise buildings let light into the deep canyons of  
tenement-walled Glasgow streets. Though they brought new  
problems they smashed the power of the factors, agents of the  
skum landlords. The song was written in response to THE  
GLASGOW I USED TO KNOW.

Did you love stairheid lawties: six families tae  
wan?  
Were the steamie-washed claes never dirty?  
Could you squeeze in a friend, in your wee  
single-end?  
Was your mother decrepit at thirty?

So clear oot the middens. Let light in the cloee.  
The high-flats'll beat the diseases.  
It's miles tae the ground, but there's grass a'  
around.  
And the watter supply never freezes.

performed by Ewan McVicar



Will Fyffe, born and bred and buttered in Dundee, met an inebriate in Glasgow's Central Station. He asked "Do you belong to Glasgow?" "Yes, but tonight I feel that Glasgow belongs to me."

## I BELONG TO GLASGOW

WORDS AND TUNE WILL FYFFE

I've been wi' a few o' ma cronies  
One or two pals o' ma ain  
We went in a hotel, where we did very well  
And then we came out once again  
Then we went into another  
And that is the reason I'm fou  
We has six deoch an' dorises, then sang a chorus  
Just listen, I'll sing it to you

I belong to Glasgow, dear old Glasgow town!  
But what's the matter with Glasgow?  
For it's going round and round  
I'm only a common old working chap, as anyone can see  
But when I get a couple of drinks on a Saturday  
Glasgow belongs to me.

There's nothing in being teetotal  
And saving a shilling or two  
If your money you spend, you've nothing to lend  
Well, that's all the better for you  
There's nae harm in taking a drappie  
It ends all your trouble and strife  
It gives you the feeling, that when you get home  
You don't care a hang for the wife

performed by Ewan McVicar & Carol Sweeney

## BUS 33

WORDS EWAN MCVICAR TUNE TRADITIONAL  
We came on a thirty three ma mammy and me  
Round all the ashops we did roam  
We spent and we spent till our cards got bent  
I feel so fed up I want to go home  
I hate the Glasgow sales I hate the things I bought  
I'd like to scrap the lot and just go home  
Come on bus thirty three I'll sit on somebody's knee  
I feel so fed up I want to go home

## GLASGOW RAIN

WORDS AND TUNE EWAN MCVICAR

The Glasgow rain is falling down cleaning up the streets again  
Now it's easing off a bit But it'll come in sheets again  
Why can't the weather Get itself together  
Seems like the rain's been falling forever

The fog is rolling up the Clyde It's getting hard to see again  
All the buses will run slow I'll be late for my tea again  
Why can't the weather Put itself together  
Seems like the fog's been rolling forever

When I was a kid there could be sunshine  
When I was a kid it could be warm  
Nowadays it seems like we've been lucky  
Any day that goes without a storm

Comedians they all seem sad  
Since Hancock took the hard way out  
Milligan kept going mad Charlie Drake got knocked about  
Lots of funny fellers Think of Peter Sellers  
A heart attack for every wife Bye Bye Barbarellas

The snow is falling on the roof The streets are full of ice again  
The country's going to the dogs And we're as poor as mice again  
Now or never Time to get together  
Seems like we'll be falling forever

performed by Ewan McVicar & Alan Tall

Thoughts of two people standing in a Glasgow bus queue.

The result of receiving an overdose of a beautiful American carol called Virgin Mary Had A Little Baby. There is disagreement on the authorship. Hamish should take out a patent on his laugh.

## GOD LIVER OIL AND THE ORANGE JUICE

WORDS CARL MACDOUGALL & RONNE CLARK  
TUNE TRADITIONAL

Oot o the East there came a hard man  
Oh-ho, aw the way frae Brington  
Ah-ha, glory hallelujah  
Cod liver oil and the orange juice

He went tae a pub, come oot paraletic Oh ho,  
Lanaliq and cider  
Ah hah, what a hell of a mixture

In the dancin he met Hair Mary Oh-ho, the  
floer o the Gorbals

Aw, Mary, are ye dancin? Oh, no, it's just the way  
ah'm standin

Haw, Mary, ye're wan in a million Oh-ho, so's yer  
chances

Haw, Mary, can ah run ye hame? Oh-ho, ah've  
got a pair of sandehoes  
Ah-ha, yer hell of a funny

Oot o the back cloee, intae the dunny Oh-ho, it  
wasny for the first time

Oot came her mammy, she wiz goin tae the  
cludgie  
Oh-ho, ah bugged off sharpish

Noo Hair Mary's lookin for her hard man  
Oh-ho, he's jined the Foreign Legion Ah-ha,  
Sahara and ra camuls

Hairy Mary had a little baby Oh-ho, its faither's  
in the army

performed by Hamish Imlach & Carol Sweeney

## NANCY WHISKY

TRADITIONAL - NEW WORDS EWAN MCVICAR

I came in by Glasgow city  
Nancy's whiskey I chanced to smell  
I went in, sat down beside her  
Seven years I loved her well

Whiskey, Nancy Whisky, Whisky, Nancy oh

The more I kissed her, the more I loved her  
The more I kissed her, the more I smiled  
I forgot my mother's teaching  
Nancy had me beguiled

Come landlady, serve an order  
Then tell me what there is to pay  
"Here's your hat and there's the door  
You'll get no more, so on your way"

Who's the queen of all dream weavers?  
Who took my heart? Who took my hand  
And lead me down the rocky road  
Then left me here in No Man's Land?

All you lads of Glasgow city  
You know not what your life may be  
Beware of Whisky, Nancy Whisky  
She'll ruin you as she ruined me

Still I love her, I'll forgive her  
Go with her, follow Nancy Whisky

performed by Ewan McVicar & Carol Sweeney

An old song, the wellknown tune was added to the wellknown words by the father of Ewan MacColl. This version considers the effects of seven years intoxication, and wonders if Nancy was a landlady or the spirit of spirits.



A treasured song for old-time hikers. The writer was identified through the issue of this album, but hillwalker and shipyard welder Davey Clark had died 16 months earlier. The places named are a short busride from Glasgow.

## BARROOM MOUNTAINEERS

DAVID R CLARK

In Drymen Square so fair and fine  
There stands a shop that sells good wine  
It's full of whisky, wine and beer  
And so are the Barroom Mountaineers  
We're the Barroom Mountaineers

If you hear a tally-ho, tally-ho,  
in the middle of the night, in the middle of the night  
Don't tremble so, dear hostelite  
Just close your eyes and have no fear  
It's only a drunken mountaineer  
We're the Barroom Mountaineers

## TAM THE BAM

WORDS EWAN MCVICAR TUNE TRAD

Tam you're a bampot The original bampot  
You think that you're clever but you're not  
you're just a

Bampot bampot What a bampot bampot

You tap hard men for fivers  
Then you forget to pay them  
So you get me to cool them  
Then you try them out for another five  
It's a wonder to me that you survive you're a

You go out with some young thing  
Then get involved with her mammy  
The tangle you're in is quite absurd  
You're engaged to fifteen different birds  
And married to three more mark my words you are a

You go out on a bender  
Then you go on a berkie  
You break into some houses break into some cars  
Break into some pub for a few more jares  
The police arrive you wrestle the lot  
Next morning in court you blame it all on  
The war wound you never got

This song beat out thousands of others to reach the finals of Songsearch 1987. The Spanish words of folk song La Bamba are astonishingly banal. Bampot means a held-banger, perhaps combining barmy and potty. Perhaps not.

We've never ever climbed a great big hill  
And we hope tae hell we never will  
For the highest we've climbed is a windae sill  
We're the Barroom Mountaineers

Don't be afraid to look us over  
We are very seldom sober  
And when we've had enough for four  
You'll never see us on the floor  
It's up to the bar and yell for more  
We're the Barroom Mountaineers

From the shores of Balmaha  
To the hills of Aberfoyle  
From Drymen Square to Glasgachille  
We're famous everywhere we go  
As a shower of drunken so-and-soes  
We're the Barroom Mountaineers  
performed by Ewan McVicar, Hamish Imlach,  
Muriel Graves

And while we're on the subject  
When you borrowed my wagon the other night  
Did you notice that something's gone wrong with the lights  
I mean the left side's smashed to bits  
The bumper's bent and the door doesn't fit  
Oh aye? You had a wee bit bump?  
Whose name did you give you stupid lump?  
I've had a summons just arrive  
To say I'm being done for dangerous driving

I wish I'd never met you  
You come into the pub when you're flat stoney  
broke  
Think I'll buy the booze if you tell the jokes  
I'm telling you Tam it's time you went  
The council's looking for last year's rent  
The tally men are forming a posse  
Your mother-in-law are getting cross  
The Broo's put the special squad on your tail  
You're on your tod when it comes to the bail  
Take it from me your former friend  
You're down the tubes and round the bend  
you are a

performed by Ewan McVicar,  
Alan Tall, Fred Gilmour

Billy is a comic genius, so people tend not to notice he's such a fine songwriter. This version has been amended by Iain Mackintosh, who also knows well the life of the professional performer 'on the road'.

## I WAS BORN IN GLASGOW

WORDS AND TUNE BILLY CONNOLLY

I wish I was in Glasgow  
With some good old friends of mine  
Some good old rough companions  
And some good old smooth red wine  
We'd talk about the old days  
And the old town's sad decline  
And drink to the boys on the road

That good old place I miss so much  
Now sees some better days  
But still we talk about it  
As we go our separate ways  
For Glasgow gave me more  
Than it ever took away  
And prepared me for life on the road

Now, I was born in Glasgow,  
In the East End of the town  
I'd take you there and show you  
But they've pulled the old place down  
And when I think about it  
I always have to frown  
They bulldozed it all to make a road

My grannie brought the family up  
From the time we lost our mum  
My father was a good man  
And he made me all I am  
There was always bread and butter  
There was sometimes even jam  
And there was so much to learn along the road

performed by Iain Mackintosh & Carol Sweeney

## GOING HOME TO GLASGOW

WORDS AND TUNE IAN DAVISON

I'm going home to Glasgow its face is on my mind  
Its laugh is loud and gallus its arms are warm and kind  
I need to feel the ground underneath my feet  
And hear the Glasgow sounds in the people that I meet

We're over Beattock Summit, we wave a winning fist  
We're racing down the valley where the silver river twists  
And now I hear the sound, I know I'm Glasgow bound  
The tyres are singing sweeter as the sun strikes through the mist

The rails are reaching downwards, they point across the plain  
The miles I owe to Glasgow friends are running through my brain  
The restless engine glides towards the valley of the Clyde  
With half a thousand homeward bound on the London Glasgow train

We soared above the Borders, the white clouds down below  
We caught the winding coastline in the early sunset glow  
We're sliding down the sky, the green hills in our eye  
We swing around the city and we skim the river low

performed by Ian Davison & Carol Sweeney

By car, by train, by plane - going home. The only dialect word is 'gallus', which has ingredients of pride, confidence, warm pleasure, cockiness and several other words.

The Spirit of Glasgow Past, so popular that Prince Charles read it out when he opened the Garden Festival. Its nostalgic tone provoked two answering songs which are on this album. Too many Glasga words to define here - try Michael Munro's guide THE PATTER if you really need to know.

## THE GLASGOW I USED TO KNOW

ADAM MACNAUGHTAN

Oh where is the Glasgow where I used tae stay  
The white wally closes done up wi pipe cley  
Where ye knew every neighbour frae first floor tae third  
And tae keep your door locked was considered absurd  
Do you know the folk steying next door tae you?

And where is the wee shop where I used tae buy  
A quarter o' totties, a tupenny pie  
A bag o' broken biscuits an three totties scones  
An the wumman aye asked "How's yer maw gettin on?"

Can your big supermarkets give service like that

And where is the wean that once played in the street  
Wi a jorrie, a peerie, a gird wi a cleek  
Can he still cadge a hudge an dreep aff a dyke

Or is writing on walls noo the wa' thing he likes  
Can he tell Chickie Mellie frae Hunch, Cuddy, Hunch

And where is the tramcar that once did the ton  
Up the Great Western Road on the old Yoker run  
The conductress aye knew how tae deal wi a nyaff  
"If ye're gaun, then get oan, if ye're no, then get aff"  
Are there any like her on the buses the day

And where is the chip shop that I knew sae well  
The wee corner cafe where they used tae sell  
Hot peas and bree and MacCallums an pokes  
An ye knew they were Tallies the minute they spoke  
"Daeyewant-a-da raspberry over yer icecream"

Oh where is the Glasgow that I used tae know  
Big Wullie, Wee Shooy, the steamie, the Co  
The shilpit wee bauchle, the glaikit big dreep  
The ba on the slates, an yer gas in a peep  
If ye scrape the veneer aff,  
are these things still there

performed by Iain Mackintosh & Ewan McVicar

## TWELVE AND A TANNER A BOTTLE

WORDS AND TUNE MCKENZIE AND FYFFE

It's really high time that something was done  
To alter the way that the country is run  
They're not doing things in the way that they should  
Just take for instance the price of the food

For its twelve and a tanner a bottle  
That's what it's costing the day  
Twelve and a tanner a bottle  
It takes all the pleasure away  
Before ye can hae a wee drappie  
Ye have tae spend all that ye've got  
Oh, how can a fellow be happy  
When happiness costs such a lot?

There's taxes on this, taxes on that  
While we're getting lean the officials grow fat  
Ye've got tae admit it's a bit underhand  
Putting a tax on the breath opf the land  
Now, I used tae meet some old pals o' mine  
When whisky was cheap and went down like wine  
Now I dont see them, I'm sorry tae tell  
I slip round the corner and drink by myself

performed by Hamish Imlach, Carol Sweeney,  
Munel Graves, Ewan McVicar

A Dundonian composition, but a dear Glasgow topic. People who have seen Hamish Imlach will spot the irony in verse two.